

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 34.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 27, 1891.

PRICE, 3 CENTS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

W. H. MOORE AND CO.

SUMMER DRESS FABRICS.

We have in stock a beautiful selection of Summer Dress Stuffs; also Spring Woolens, which we are offering at low prices. Challis, Zephyr Cloth, Gingham, Nuns Veiling, Cashmeres, Henriettas, Mohairs, Silks, &c.

CLOTHING.

We would especially call your attention to our large stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing. We have the stock, the styles and the prices.

CARPETS AND MATTINGS.

LADIES' COATS.

We have a very pretty assortment of Ladies' Coats, in plain and fancy stripes from \$1.25 and upwards.

HATS AND CAPS.

Our shoe department is full of all the seasonable goods, such as slippers, ties, turns, etc., for ladies and children, and heavy and fine shoes for men and boys.

Full line of Groceries.

W. H. MOORE & CO.

MIDDLETOWN DEL.

Farmers, Look to Your Interest.

PARVIS & WILLIAMS CO.

TRADE MARK



Delaware Wheat Grower,
Soluble Bone and Potash,
Delaware Soluble Bone.
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST FERTILIZER IN THE MARKET.

These goods guaranteed to be in good drilling condition.

ALSO, DEALERS IN FERTILIZER MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS.

Parvis & Williams Company,
Middletown, Delaware.

Steam Ice Cream Manufactory.

ICE CREAM AT WHOLESALE.

THE RICE STEAM ICE CREAM MFG. CO.

NO ADULTERATIONS OF ANY KIND USED!

Our cream shipped to all parts of the Peninsula on short notice. Orders by telegraph will be promptly attended to and cream shipped by next train.

CHILDRENS TOYS OF EVERY VARIETY ALWAYS ON HAND.

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC FRUITS NUTS &c. &c.

OYSTER SEASON OF 1891

We are now prepared to furnish oysters in any quantity desired for family use, also for parties, church suppers, etc.

SPECIAL PRICES FOR LARGE QUANTITIES.

H. B. RICE, Middletown, Del.

ONE DOLLAR!

a year is only a trifle, but if you know how to invest that Dollar it will pay for itself many times over. For that small sum you can secure

THE MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT

FOR ONE YEAR.

If you are not a subscriber you should be and if you read it a few times you would be. We are striving to make the paper as interesting as possible and think our efforts are being appreciated. There is no use in claiming a circulation that we cannot prove but we will say that during the past year we have added many new names to our list, and still they come. This is a point for advertisers.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE!

Miscellaneous Adv's.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A crown of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

Special Announcement.

Hardware, Outlets, &c.

I HAVE a full and complete line of Hardware and Outlets, and at all times aim to keep my stock complete.

Ranges, Stoves, &c.

The Gas Range in which I am making a specialty is a complete stove. Baking bread in it will not mold and meats cooked are rich and juicy. Call and see the above named stove.

Coal Hods, Shovels, &c.

Coal Hods, shovels, Pokers, Zinc, Stove Bricks, Pipe Elbows, Dampers, Collars, and a large stock of all kinds kept in a first-class hardware, stove and the store.

Roofing, Spouting, &c.

Roofing, spouting and all kinds of tin and iron work, and repairing of heaters, cook and coal stoves at short notice. Estimates furnished for any work made, of which I give special and prompt attention.

Paints, Varnishes, &c.

Ready-mixed Paints in any quantity. Walnut, Cherry, Mahogany and Maple oil stains, Varnishes—Couch, Furniture and Finishing in any quantity.

Lamps, Agate-ware, &c.

I make a specialty in lamps, lamp glass, agate-ware, Japanese ware and pressed ware.

Any article in hardware that I have not on hand I am prepared to make, at short notice. I also give prompt attention to repairing in this line.

Extend an invitation to the public, my friends and patrons to call and examine my goods and prices.

No Trouble to Show Goods.

Hoping for a liberal share of your patronage, I am most respectfully,

W. S. LETHERBURY,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

CAPITAL - - \$500,000.00

SURPLUS - - \$80,000.00

Security Trust and Safe Deposit Company,

519 MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, DEL.

MONEY DEPOSITED or waiting investment can be made to earn you interest if deposited with this company.

Interest paid on deposits of money as follows: 1 per cent on deposits payable on demand by check, same as banks; 3 per cent on deposits payable after 10 days' notice; 4 per cent on deposits payable after 30 days' notice. Special rates for large sums to remain for a year or longer.

Security Trust and Safe Deposit Company, 519 Market Street, Wilmington, Delaware.

Directors: Benjamin Nields, J. H. Chandler, M. D. Henry C. Robinson, J. Davis Slater, Philip Pinkett, William M. Field, James A. Hart, Charles E. Pitts, Archibald A. Capelle, Wm. B. Brodie, Samuel G. Simmons, Wm. J. McClary, Trust Officer, may-17

Now the office-boy, who, by-the-way, was named Cox, but who was known to his intimate friends as "Swipesey," was much more pleased with the orders he had received than he was with the fact that he was in a new chair, with his feet on the desk in front of him, and watched the other employees file out with a lordly air.

"Hope you have a pleasant time," he said, politely, to the fluffy-haired compositor. "We can run this office alone this afternoon, we can. I write the editorials and set 'em up. The old man he's writing important letters, and can't be disturbed. Good-afternoon."

Cox made himself comfortable in the chair, and he looked over a pile of exchanges on a desk at hand. Presently this began to bore him, and he began rummaging about the room. It was seldom that he was in the lower office alone, and he amused himself by climbing up on a high stool, and taking a pen and ink and scribbling on some of the office paper. "I can do this, when I am one of the editors," he chuckled to himself.

Just then he heard some one coming up the stairs slowly and turn in at the door of the office. He raised his head and looked over the desk, and saw a woman standing there. She had a very pale face, but was very handsome. She looked at the boy wearily.

"Is the editor in?" she asked.

"Well, that depends," said Swipesey, still scribbling vigorously, and looking up between dabs at the white face before him. "Which one do you want to see?"

"The woman sighed wearily, and then said, with an effort, "Mr. Griswold."

"I am very sorry," began the boy, hitching his stool a little forward, and grabbing his cap off, and laying it carefully down before him, "but he is very busy—very busy indeed—and I have orders that he was not to be dis-

SWEETEST THINGS OF EARTH.

What are the sweetest things of earth? Lips that can praise a rival's worth? A fragrant rose that hides no thorn? Riches of gold untouched by scorn? A happy little child asleep? Eyes that can smile though they may weep?

A brother's cheer, a father's praise? The ministry of summer days? A gift that looks for no return? A strong overthrust; pain's swift release? Dark footstep guided into peace? The light of love in love's eyes? A heart that is young as well as wise? An honest hand that needs no ward? A life with right in true accord? A hope that waits in joy? A happiness without alloy? A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth—These are the sweetest things of earth.—E. C. DOW.

THE STAFF OF THE BRIGGSVILLE "BUGLE."

Mr. Bernard Bergeois was startled. He jumped visibly, and nearly dropped a handful of type he was taking from a galley to the form on the imposing-stone. It was incompatible with the dignity of the foreman of the mechanical department of the Briggsville Bugle to lose his self-control in this way, and he looked around uneasily as a fluffy-haired girl at a case near by sniggered and made a whispered remark to another compositor; then they looked at him and laughed.

What made the foreman jump was a whistle from the speaking-tube not far from his ear. He did not immediately obey the summons, and another whistle more pronounced and longer than the first made him glue his mouth to the tube and bawl back, "Hello!"

"Come into my room. Don't you understand?"

Mr. Bernard Bergeois thought he understood, and taking off his apron went into the hallway. From an adjoining room he heard the clicking of a type-writer, at intervals with brief intermissions of silence. He hesitated before knocking at the closed door; for when the "old man" used his machine that way it was an office maxim that he was in a bad temper.

And the "old man" was in a bad temper when Mr. Bernard Bergeois mustered up enough courage to face him. His eyes gleamed through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, and his hair, which was turning gray, was rumpled over his forehead. He gave the tardy foreman a reprimand for his slowness, and then made a remark that quite upset Mr. Bernard Bergeois. "Send everybody home," he said.

"I don't think I quite understand, sir," faltered the foreman. "It is but a little after four o'clock."

"That makes no difference. Can't you hear? Send everyone away from here except my office-boy. That's plain enough, isn't it?"

Every now and then the "old man" would absently strike a key with his finger, and then look up and jerk out a few words.

"But there are five columns to set," began the bewildered foreman.

"Come earlier in the morning, then. I don't want anybody around now. How can a man write with those presses out there making such an everlasting noise, and you people in the composing-room and giggling and making the devil of a racket? Why don't you have better discipline out there?"

Mr. Bernard Bergeois had no answer ready. He was quite nonplussed. Never before in the course of his professional career had he received such an order as this. "Send everybody home!" Was the "old man" going insane? Did he not know that to-morrow was publication day?

"There are five columns—" he began again.

"Send your five columns to the deuce!" interrupted the other, furiously. "I don't care whether there are five columns or fifty, so long as everyone of you gets out of here. Send me my office-boy!"

Now the office-boy, who, by-the-way, was named Cox, but who was known to his intimate friends as "Swipesey," was much more pleased with the orders he had received than he was with the fact that he was in a new chair, with his feet on the desk in front of him, and watched the other employees file out with a lordly air.

"Hope you have a pleasant time," he said, politely, to the fluffy-haired compositor. "We can run this office alone this afternoon, we can. I write the editorials and set 'em up. The old man he's writing important letters, and can't be disturbed. Good-afternoon."

Cox made himself comfortable in the chair, and he looked over a pile of exchanges on a desk at hand. Presently this began to bore him, and he began rummaging about the room. It was seldom that he was in the lower office alone, and he amused himself by climbing up on a high stool, and taking a pen and ink and scribbling on some of the office paper. "I can do this, when I am one of the editors," he chuckled to himself.

Just then he heard some one coming up the stairs slowly and turn in at the door of the office. He raised his head and looked over the desk, and saw a woman standing there. She had a very pale face, but was very handsome. She looked at the boy wearily.

"Is the editor in?" she asked.

"Well, that depends," said Swipesey, still scribbling vigorously, and looking up between dabs at the white face before him. "Which one do you want to see?"

"The woman sighed wearily, and then said, with an effort, "Mr. Griswold."

"I am very sorry," began the boy, hitching his stool a little forward, and grabbing his cap off, and laying it carefully down before him, "but he is very busy—very busy indeed—and I have orders that he was not to be dis-

turbed. If there is anything I can do—" and he paused expectantly.

"Nothing," she replied, and sat down in a chair near the window. "Will you please tell him a lady is waiting to see him when he is at liberty?"

Now the office-boy scarcely knew what to do. He did not exactly care to go up stairs on an errand like that; it would ruin his dignity, after the remarks he had already made. Besides, the editor was in a nasty temper, and might throw an ink bottle at him, or something, if disturbed. The speaking-tube—there was his salvation! He jumped from the high stool and yelled the message up. There was no reply, but it answered every purpose, and he turned to the lady and said: "Very good; he will see you when he is not busy but you may have to wait."

"This was the first time that Swipesey had seen the lady face to face, and he started a little, and looked at her again. Then he put his hands behind him and started at the door for a moment. "I know who you are," he said, presently. "You are his wife."

The woman looked up quickly, and raised one of her hands to her forehead. She seemed a bit dazed, and asked, in a way that convinced Swipesey that she scarcely knew what she said. "How did you know?"

"I knew! I guessed! I put two and two together, and I know more about the old man than the rest of the people; and do you know, if you will let me say it, I think you haven't treated him right."

The woman flushed, and looked at the boy angrily.

"Don't get mad about it," he advised her, in a fatherly way. "I mind my own business. What you two people want to do is to make up and stop all this. He paused, with a judicial air.

"How do you know this?" the woman asked. "Does Mr. Griswold make a confidant of an office-boy?"

Swipesey was all dignity then. "You are mistaken there. He never said a word to me about it, only I have put two and two together. I remember about six months ago, when he bought the paper, that one day someone was in the office and asked him about you. He all at once became very cool, and said, in an uneasy way, that you were in California for your health. And one day I found a picture there—your picture. I put it back where I found it; and one night when I had to come back to the office with some copy for the compositors to begin on in the morning, I found him in the dark at his desk, sitting there and crying, with the picture in his hand. He didn't know I saw him, but I did just the same. And that's why I'm sorry for him; I had never seen a man cry before. And when he's cross and hard with us people about the office, I know he ain't really that way, but that the pain drives him to it, and he is trying to forget about everything."

The office-boy told all this in a grave manner, and his quietness evoked in the woman a feeling of sympathy for him, and she said, "I have heard that, too, of a quarrel you two had, and—of course I have—have admitted that something was wrong. I don't know what separated you, or why you left him, or he you, and it isn't any of my business; but now you have come back to him, I hope you will stay with him."

The woman looked at Swipesey's intelligent freckled face, and saw the brightness of his small gray eyes. She was impressed with his red hair and his saub nose. And she humored him by asking, "Is that what you want to advise me to do?"

"Certainly," answered the boy, without hesitation. "That's what I would advise you to do."

"But suppose he wants me to come more than half way? Suppose, after all, he doesn't want me to stay?"

"That's all right. I'll fix that. I can manage it. He's been waiting for you a long time, I guess, but he's too proud to tell you to come back to him, and he's upstairs now, writing a letter, and—here Swipesey looked at her brightly—"I think it is us, sometimes he has started letters, which I have found in the wastebasket room or partly burned, beginning, 'My dearest wife; but I don't think he has ever sent them. However, that it is none of my business. But to-day what do you think he did? He sent everybody home in a hurry. It was nothing connected with the paper, I know, for the copy is all in. I think he is writing to you upstairs, to come back, and he doesn't know you are here already."

"If he will only say he is wrong, and ask my forgiveness," the woman muttered, looking out of the window at the pattering rain. Then she started up, seemingly unaware of the boy's presence. "But I must ask too much. I was in the wrong as much as he."

"Now I tell you what to do," said Swipesey, with eagerness. "If you put this into my hands, we'll fix it up all right." His eyes shone, and he took a few steps forward, with his small hands clasped together and his face raised hopefully toward the woman. "You let me go up stairs and sort of prepare him. I don't say you want to see him, but I'll just give him a hint. And then you go up and surprise him. And if you look at him and smile, and if you tell him you are sorry, I don't think he would send you away; now, do you?"

The woman looked down at the lad, and smiled sadly at him. She could not help being amused at his eagerness to help her and the lonely man upstairs.

He seemed to divine what she was thinking of, for he said, "Oh, you mustn't think I'm dipping my fingers into something that ain't my business; for I should like to hear him laugh as he did a long time ago; and, besides, it is not right for two people to be apart the way you and him are."

The woman laughed nervously. "I don't think you had better meddle, after all," she said. "You may be a very bright boy, but it might make him angry to think I had allowed—"

"I never set up to be bright," said Swipesey, as if insulted. "If I was an entire stranger he might not like it; but being on the staff, why, it's entirely different—see?"

The woman laughed again, and then asked, "What do you propose to do?"

"Well, you sit right down in that chair again, and I'll run up stairs. I'll not be gone but a minute, and then I'll come back for you."

Before she could say a word to stop him he had whisked out of the room and she heard him going up the stairs two steps at a time. She sighed again, and looked down and watched the people passing.

Then Swipesey was back with a cordial encouraging; "Come along. I've fixed it. He'll see you."

And they went up the stairs—up into the office, which had become quite dark now, and was but a cheerless place at best.

Swipesey threw open the door, saying, "Here she is, sir."

The old man was scribbling. He had laid aside the typewriter for the pen, and he kept on for a moment. Then he looked up in a bewildered way, threw down his pen, rubbed his eyes, sprang up, and with a bound was across the room. "Grace!" he all said.

And Swipesey smiled in a self-satisfied sort of way, and closing the door, left them alone. And when the editor came down stairs into the lower office a half-hour later, with a shining, happy look in his eyes, he found Swipesey sitting in the chair, with his feet high up on the desk and his hat tilted on the back of his head, buried deep in the folds of a newspaper.

"Come up stairs with me, Cox," he said, joyously. "I want to introduce you to my wife. I want everybody on the paper to know her."

"I suppose so," said the boy, disinterestedly. But then he added, in his impudent way: "You needn't introduce me to her. She and me knows each other already."—By William Earle Baldwin.

The Laborer Should be Honored.

The real dignity of labor is well symbolized and set forth in those single acts at the beginning or end of a great work which represent to the imagination the whole enterprise.

The corner stone of a great building is generally laid by some official dignitary who, in an unaccustomed apron and with a trowel which he uses clumsily, makes a pretense of doing the actual work of putting the stone in place. Crowds stand about to witness the work, and orations are made and hymns sung.

The knocking away of the prop which sends a vessel off the ways and into the water is an event of equal consequence and interest, because it represents the noble task of constructing a great ship.

One of the greatest engineering works of all time was completed—the construction of the Pacific railroad—it was regarded as a great honor to drive the last spike that bound the last rail to the earth; and the spike which served at least temporarily for the work was made of silver.

Emperors, kings and presidents start with their own hands the machinery of great industrial exhibitions, themselves typical to a high degree of the importance of manual labor.

In a certain sense it would be more fitting that these ceremonies, which concentrate into a single instant's act long periods of hard labor, should be performed by one of the real workmen who are engaged upon the enterprise. It is they who do the work, and they might well claim that the honor of the key ceremony belonged to them.

This was what was done, indeed, when the first blow of the pick was struck in the construction of the buildings for the World's fair of 1893 at Chicago.—Youth's Companion.

Logan at Bull Run.

It is well known that John A. Logan, who was a member of Congress at the time the war began, left Washington when he saw there was going to be a fight, and seizing a musket walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to take part in the battle.

He had on a swallowtail coat, but he stood up to the rack as long as anybody did. He was back in Washington next morning, a good deal out of breath, and was telling his fellow Congressmen all about it.

"Who gave you this account of the battle?" asked a member from the North Woods of New York.

"Why, I was there myself," said Logan. The New Yorker evidently had not heard the news, for he seemed a little mystified, and asked, as if wishing to solve the mystery of Logan's sudden reappearance: "Are the cars running?"

"No," said Logan, "the cars ain't running, but every other blank thing of the State of Virginia is, as near as I could find out."—Chicago Herald.

"Here's millions in it," said the old dandy, as he gazed over the fence at the watermelon patch.—Binghamton Republican.

Doctor—There is one thing more. Your wife must not speak a word to-day. Tell her that! Patient Husband—Would you mind telling her herself?—Dorffarber.

LAW FOR THE RAINMAKERS.

Experiments are expected to decide whether the production of rain by the use of explosives is practicable. The question whether it can be done on a large scale and sufficiently economically to justify a general resort to showers artificially produced may not be so promptly determined; but subsequent experiments may be expected to settle these points also. Should all the scientific doubts as to the practicability of the new cloud-compelling scheme be dispelled, some very interesting questions of a constitutional and legal character must inevitably arise.

If we are to enter upon the work of forcing the clouds to drop "their garnered fulness down," when necessary, or the even more serious task of compelling them to bring up fresh supplies from distant points, it is obvious that it must be done in a systematic manner. It would hardly be practicable for every farmer and gardener to establish a little rain factory of his own. The difficulty of bringing down rain from clouds immediately above a particular spot has already been noted in these columns. The moisture may not be there. If we assume that the experiments are to succeed, it seems necessary also to assume that the disturbance produced in the atmosphere by explosion will set in motion currents of air which will bring moisture-laden air from points more or less remote. The claim that this can be done has not, perhaps, been distinctly made, but it appears to be implied, for it seems necessary, to make the scheme successful.

It is clear that, if we are to go into the business of producing rain artificially, the necessity for regulating it will immediately be felt. Will it be a matter of State or Federal concern? Congress has power to regulate commerce among the States, but the importation or exportation of rain-clouds from one State into another could hardly be construed as commerce, unless, indeed, syndicates should be formed to carry it on as a regular business. Nevertheless, it is easy to see that complications might arise between the States, growing out of their claims to passing rain-clouds. It might be practicable for the State of Indiana to divert to its own parched fields, by the use of gases and dynamite, an extensive cloud, on its way to break a long drought in Kentucky, or vice versa. Acts of this sort would not be conducive to amity among the States, and the Supreme Court might be asked to put a stop to them by injunction. Such controversies between States could hardly arise unless it was found practicable to bring currents of air, and with them rain-clouds, from considerable distances; but they might easily arise between citizens of adjoining States residing near the border, even if the distance to which the atmospheric disturbance extended was comparatively small.

As between citizens of the same State there would be no question of jurisdiction, but there might be many of personal rights. The proprietor of a farm owns it up to the sky. The clouds above it belong to him. His property in them is, doubtless, of a qualified nature, similar to that which he has in the wild animals and birds in his woods and fields; when they fly away they are no longer his. So when the clouds pass away his right to them is at an end. But this may be construed to mean that they shall pass away in obedience to the forces of Nature acting without interference. To divert a cloud by artificial means before it had time to discharge its moisture upon the fields of the temporary owner would seem analogous to obstructing or diverting a water-course, and might afford ground for an action.

Apart from these questions of territorial rights, others of a serious nature might have to be met. Who is to decide when the emergency is great enough to justify an interference with the order of Nature in the production of rain? It is not likely that every body will want rain at the same time. When farmer A thinks he ought to have a good rain to help out his corn or revive his grass, farmer B may wish to save his hay or thresh his wheat, and farmer C may be going to a picnic without an umbrella. Whose interests are to be respected, in such cases? If it comes to clouds to rain, it is to rain on everybody, and ruin B's hay, and spoil C's new Sunday suit, must not A be made answerable in damages? Is he not bound, according to the legal maxim, so to use his own clouds as not to injure the hay and the fine clothes of his neighbor?

It is easy to foresee that there will be a proposition to avoid these difficulties by turning over the regulation of the rain to the Government. That is the modern device for avoiding all sorts of difficulties. But it is clear that the Federal Government has no authority under the Constitution that would enable it to discharge such functions in a satisfactory way. It cannot enter upon or acquire any land in the States without the consent of their Legislatures. The State governments might, indeed, take charge of the matter, but they would be subject to great embarrassments. The interstate complications that might arise have already been hinted at, but these would be by no means the worst. In the exercise of the discretion necessarily accorded to them the State agents would have it in their power to make the most odious discriminations among different classes of citizens.

It would be as bad as the class legislation to which the protection tariff gives rise when one industry is ruthlessly sacrificed to increase the profits of some other. By allowing withholding rain at a particular time, one crop might be benefited and another destroyed. One county, or tier of counties, might be favored at the expense of others. The de-

nant political party might use the clouds to promote its own interests by drowning out the meetings of its opponents, or by keeping them from the polls on election days. The bulls and the bears of the Produce Exchange might tamper with the rain agents, and so promote their schemes for cornering the market. In fact, there is no end to the possible abuses that might arise from putting the rains under control of politicians.

There is no occasion as yet to be unduly alarmed on account of the possibilities here recited. The feasibility of producing rain to order has not yet been demonstrated, and it is very likely that we may go on for a long time relying for rain, as we have done heretofore, upon the bounty of Heaven, which, though it often fails to accord us all that we desire, is a much safer reliance in such matters than the capricious favor of Government employees.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WILMINGTON CONFERENCE ACADEMY.

The Ladies' Hall is about completed and is now ready for furnishing, which task the ladies of the Conference have undertaken as their work of love.

It takes about \$50 to furnish a room. Several rooms have been furnished memorially which is a nice thing to do in honor of those we love. Several changes have responded to the full amount; some partially, and sorry to say, some so far not heard from.

The building will be ready for occupancy by September 17th, and the prospect for students is very excellent in both departments. As a trustee, I know that the entire Board feels great satisfaction that the management of the school can offer for the patronage of

